The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—Cicero.

VOLUME VI. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1877. NUMBER 52.

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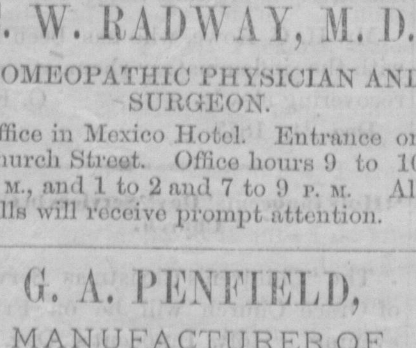
DENTIST.  DENTIST.
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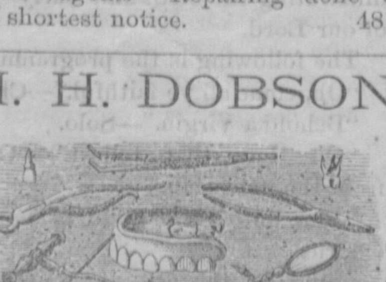
MEXICO  GALLERY.
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POETRY.

SWEETS OF RURAL LIFE.

(Written in Ireland.)

I love to roam o'er the mountains wild
All topp'd with healthy brown;
For I'd rather be call'd the desert child
Than dwell in the crowded town.

I turn my eyes from the gilded toys
Of the fanciful bazar,
To muse upon the purer joys
Of the verdant hills afar.

O! tell me not of the city gay,
Or the marts where merchants be,
Where luxury riots both night and day,
In the halls of revelry.

Tho' cities have homes of fashion and wealth
They've also the haunts of sin,
And both are destructive of vigorous health
And happiness felt within.

My home is on the green hill side,
Where sweetest flowerets grow,
Where crystal streamlets gently glide
Down to the vale below.

And in this sweet vale by the river's banks
You may oft see the angler stray,
Or at eve, the youth, in a thousand pranks,
Beguiling the time away.

Then send me back to my country home
Till I breathe the balmy sweets,
Which I never inhale in the lamp-lit dome,
Nor in the crowded streets.

S. Moore.

SONNET.

How sad to look upon that shatter'd wreck
Wedg'd in the rocks or stranded on the shore;
That noble ship shall plow the waves no more
Nor gallant seamen proudly walk her deck;
But more than ship or cargo we deplore
The precious souls that perish'd in the deep,
And 'neath the waves repose in dreamless sleep.
But is it not a sadder sight to see
A human wreck,—a poor weak shatter'd frame,
A shatter'd intellect, a blighted name,—
Dash'd on the rocks of inebriety,
Or stranded on the muddy banks of shame,
Who would have been, but for curs'd alcohol
A guiding star, a noble generous soul.

S. M.

Quebec.

STORY TELLER.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

The roads were in a splendid condition the lovely August afternoon that was the beginning of the love drama in Rutherford Hope's life, and he and his sister made a very pretty picture as they rode along in the little phæton, with the white reins lying easily in Miss Hope's pretty, fair, strengthful-hands, and the silver plated harness and white fly-net contrasting so admirably with the pony's jetty, glossy coat—a lovely afternoon, with faint suggestions of coming autumn days in the goldenly hazy sunlight, and the cool breeze that made the aspens shimmer whitely.

A fair, quiet, peaceful country scene, with the level turnpike stretching like a band of silver gray between the silver emerald of wooden hills and wide-spreading pasture lands at their base at one side, and the quiet glassy sheen of the river that followed the roadside for miles, and was fringed with graceful trees, and dotted with islands, and brightened by groups of sailing parties in gaily painted boats, a sweet, restful scene, on which Mr. Hope looked with lazy, contented eyes, and leaned back on the navy blue cushion of the phæton, the very tableau of enjoyment.

Such a splendid-looking fellow as he was, with his lazy, sleepy eyes, that could fire, and light, and flash enough when occasion demanded; with his drooping moustache of tawny amber, his fair, blonde face, his darkly ambe, hair, cut short to his head—so short that saucy Iva, the sister who was driving his lordship out that day, declared that he was barely saved the necessity of brushing in; what with his faultless attire—the low, white straw hat, with the broad black band, the immaculate diamond-studded linen, white necktie, rough, dark-blue suit, spotless, diamond-buttoned cuffs, polished boots—every detail of the man was attractive and harmonious; and Iva Hope, his only sister, his pet and his darling, looked at him with a flush of warm pride on her own charming face, so like his, except for the delicate blended flower tint on her cheeks, and the darker tinge of her violet eyes, that had the same hint of languor and suppressed fire in them, the same heavy, well-shaped nose, the same curling lashes.

She looked at him, and thought how grand it was to have him home for good and all, thought of what Florence Sydney had said about him—pretty, piquant Flo, who had been Iva's bosom friend and confidant for years, who had read all of Rutherford's letters to her sister, and who had fallen desperately in love with his picture.

So Iva thought of all of this, and a little smile parted her lips—making the loveliest dimple on one cheek—as she thought of Florence Sydney's daily expected arrival for a long visit, and how her handsome brother would be sure to succumb, and give her Florence for a sister.

Mr. Hope saw the smile, and looked curiously at her.

"Well, tell me what is so pleasant for you to contemplate."

He had just the voice to complete his perfection—sweet as a woman's, but with not an effeminate note in it—clear, resonant, caressing in its quality.

Iva's smile developed into a joyous little laugh.

"I was thinking what a splendid time we will have when Florence comes. Oh, Rutherford, you must fall in love with her! She is just as sweet as sweet can be, and oh, heiress to I can't tell how much!"

Her enthusiasm fell on the ground, for Mr. Hope only settled himself more lazily in the corner of the phæton, and pulled his hat over his eyes to shield them from the sun.

"You are very considerate, my dear, in offering such a charming temptation, but I may relieve your anxious mind at once, and assure you that of all things I detest in this world, one is your school girl divinity, and the other—an heiress."

A frown that was very becoming, wrinkled Iva's low, white forehead.

"Oh, Rutherford! The idea of despising Miss Sydney because she has money! Suppose, when I go out into society, the same remarks are applied to me!"

He showed his teeth for a second in an amused smile.

"Don't be profound, Iva. You are sweet, pretty and refined——"

She broke in, excitedly—

"And Florence is a hundred times more so! Rutherford please don't be ugly when she comes!"

"Ugly? I ugly? Now, sis, that's too bad! But I tell you frankly I don't anticipate seeing much of her. I can enjoy it in imagination—important, haughty, vulgarly conscious of her personal and golden charms! No, thank you, Iva! When I marry, it will be to a girl who never knew what it was to have a silken dress to her name—one of your quiet, gentle, sensitive flowerets, who will have to owe everything that makes life pleasant and happy to me."

After that, the drive didn't seem so pleasant, and Iva's cheeks were considerably more flushed than usual when she threw the reins to the groom in waiting, and ran up the marble steps to greet a veiled young lady who had arrived a moment before.

In the elegant, large bed-room, to which Iva conducted her guest, the girls had a confidential talk.

"It is too awfully horrid in him, Florence! I know he would just worship you if he knew you; but he will not give you a chance to become acquainted. If you were a poor, miserable, lonely—Florence Sydney! Oh, Flo! I can fix it—I can flank that sultan of a brother of mine!"

There was a sparkle in Miss Sydney's dark eyes—lovely, lustrous eyes, with white, blue-veined, curling, lashed lids—and a little quiver of true womanly shame on her exquisite mouth.

"But, Iva, tell me one thing—do! Has Mr. Hope the faintest idea how I—I have fallen in—how I admire—his picture? Oh, Iva, I should die with shame if I thought he knew I had given him an unsought, unasked heart."

But Iva was not disposed to humor Florence's tender mortification.

"Oh, Flo, it's so perfectly glorious to think what we shall do with Rutherford! He shall fall in love with you in spite of his imperial opinion to the contrary. He has never seen your picture, and he shall think that you are Nellie St. Lawrence, and that Nillie is you. I will send her a note this minute, explaining that I want her to personate you, as Rutherford thinks you—hateful, haughty, simpering. Oh, Flo, and you must be the graceful, reserved darling that you really are, only that my brother shall think you are poor, and that your name is Nellie St. Lawrence. The masquerade will suit Nellie to death, for she is a limb of fun."

Florence had listened gravely, with the warm blood suffusing her cheeks.

"It would be fine, Iva, if it wasn't that I am so ashamed of laying such deliberate siege to your brother's heart. If he ever should find it out——"

Iva jumped briskly.

"Which he won't. Now you stay here in this room, and I'll drive over to Nellie's instead of writing, and bring her back with me, and my astute, stubborn, magnificent brother will never be the wiser, or know which is which."

Three hours later two young ladies were sauntering up and down the grassy lawn—one of them Iva Hope, the other a very elaborately gotten-up person, with a saucy retrousse nose, and fringes of straight dark hair hanging over her forehead.

On the lawn-step of the piazza a delicate, graceful young girl was sitting, dressed in a plain lavender cashmere, and looking lonesome and lovely, Rutherford Hope thought, as the tableau attracted his attention.

He threw his cigar away as Iva came becomingly up to him, accompanied by the young lady in her heavy trailing silk dress. and bare brown arms, loaded with bracelets.

"Rutherford, I want to present you my dearest friend, Miss Sydney. Flo—my brother Mr. Hope."

The heiress bowed and giggled, and Rutherford took a swift inventory of her, physically and mentally, as he salaamed before her, and expressed a wish that she revelled in exuberant health.

"Oh, yes, I'm pretty well, I thank you. I'm never ill, am I, Iva?"

Rutherford gave Iva a look, she interpreted exactly. Then he glanced at the slight, graceful girl on the steps, caressing a pet greyhound of his.

"You have another friend, Iva?"

Iva glanced indifferently at her.

"Oh, yes. She came ever this morning. We knew her at school. She thinks something of taking the children during vacation and perfecting their German."

Miss Sydney twisted one of her heavy rings conspicuously.

"Whatever she wanted to come for now I don't see, unless she had an idea your handsome brother would be at home."

She smiled straight in Rutherford's face, and he turned away with a sneer of disgust that he did not attempt to hide.

"Introduce me to her, Iva."

He said it in his lordly way, that was only to be obeyed, and Iva, with a mischievous smile in her averted eyes, led the way up to her.

"Nellie, my brother wishes to be introduced to you. Mr. Rutherford Hope—Miss St. Lawrence."

The sweetest, most wistful eyes he had ever seen, lifted themselves to his face—dark, velvety, earnest, and at the same time that he decided she had the loveliest face girl ever wore, he was conscious of a thrill of new strange, delight, that Miss St. Lawrence had honored his father's house, even if in the position of teacher expectant.

Miss Sydney gave her train a scientific jerk, and swept on just in front of the girl on the marble step.

"Go up to my room, Nellie, and bring me my portfolio of foreign views I wish Mr. Hope to see them. Go on—do you hear me?"

The ill-bred insolence, the rude domineering tone—or something—brought the warm blood to Miss St. Lawrence's face, as she quietly obeyed the order.

Rutherford wanted to choke her on the spot, but contented himself with composing a lecture to deliver to Iva on the correctness with which he had sketched the character of the wonderful heiress.

The first interview between the three was a fair specimen of succeeding interviews—Rutherford disgusted plainly displeased with Miss Sydney's unladylike, unbecoming manners and unassuming modesty and shy glances of the youthful Hopes in their German accent.

Daily he grew more indignant at the manner in which Iva allowed Miss St. Lawrence to be treated, and at last he came out in bold defiance of her.

"I see no reason why you should be at such special pains to snub Miss St. Lawrence on every possible occasion. As a lady, she certainly deserves to receive at least ordinary courtesy at your hands."

He had looked his handsomest and "highlord-mightiest," Iva said, when he said it to Miss Sydney, just after she had sent Nellie on some frivolous errand from the room.

The heiress curled her lips viciously.

"A lady! You call her a lady? Why she hasn't a penny in the world except what she works for! What is she good for, if not to wait on her betters?"

Rutherford had to compress his lips to keep back the hot expression of indignation and contempt on his tongue's end; and seizing her chance, Miss Sydney went on—

"I dare say, now, you think she ought to be invited to our boating party to-night? But Iva and I decided that she is hardly enough on a social equality with us to go as a companion. I suppose she might go as our maid, and see to the luncheon and shawls."

Mr. Hope's usual gallantry almost forsook him before this vulgar upstart's estimate of the dark-eyed girl, whose society was becoming sweet to him.

"I think, if the proof of refined womanliness were put to the test, Miss Nellie would prove a formidable rival to any of the boating party."

Iva took out her list languidly.

"I think not. Every seat is already filled." Rutherford took his straw hat almost angrily from the table.

"I beg your pardon—one seat will be vacant. I shall not go unless Miss St. Lawrence does."

That was the beginning of the end. In a fortnight, Rutherford offered himself, with his wealth and position, to the quiet, dark-eyed little girl, who had taught him life's sweetest lesson.

"Nellie, my darling, are you sure you love me?"

The exquisite mouth was quivering and the dark soulful eyes were lifted to his.

"Oh, Mr. Hope, I have always loved you ever since I—always. Are you sure you care for me? If I am poor and nobody——"

He kissed the words off her lips.

"You are my darling! My sweet, pure, refreshing snowdrop—doubly in comparison with the odious creature who thinks her gold a magic passport everywhere."

"Then you don't like heiresses?"

He smiled down in her earnest eyes.

"I don't like the one Iva has strangely elevated to the honor of chief friend. I knew how it would be when I heard she' was coming—confidently, sweet. It was nothing but 'Flo—Flo' from morning till night. I knew she would be just what she is. But you—oh, my little treasure; I forget everything but that Nellie St. Lawrence loves me when I look at you!"

He looked at her. Her manner, her tone, were so far from jesting that for a second his cheeks blanched.

"Child, don't joke! Not love me? You do—you must!"

She laid her dainty, ringless hand on his arm, and lifted her eyes to his with all the wealth of love in them.

"I love you; I have always loved you, even when you despised me, and hated the sound of my name. I loved you so that I consented to try to win by stratagem. But if you don't want me—oh, Mr. Hope, I am Florence Sydney and Nellie has masqueraded to help me! Do you love me any more, Rutherford, darling?"

Would any man have said no to such a question even under the circumstances?

So Florence won her lover in spite of himself; and when he came to clearly understand it all, he liked the bona-fide Miss St. Lawrence remarkably well, who, with her assumed exaggerated ways, had proved herself a very sensible, jolly, young lady, and with Iva, was very intimate with Rutherford's charming wife.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

Editor Journal:—A fortnight has elapsed since your readers last heard from me, and having several items of interest to communicate I herewith send them.

Christmas is almost here, but it is difficult for us to realize this fact, so beautiful and pleasant is the weather. Christmas without snow and bluster seems void of half of its attractions, and to be this year compelled to have it pass without at least a "thawing up" is indeed a great affliction. However, a change in the weather may take place at any time, and we may still be gladdened by the joyful sight of the spotless snow-flake.

During the latter part of the afternoon of Monday, Dec 3d, a sudden enthusiasm seemed to have been kindled in the breasts of our amateur sportsmen. The reason was soon explained as several members of the Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club appeared with their club uniform tied up in bundles. On that evening the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York city had a series of athletic games, open to members of clubs. Several of our boys went to try their skill and did very well, considering that it was their first public race. In the one hundred-yard dash, McFaul came very near winning, and, had it not been that he was fouled, would surely have carried off a medal. Arrangements had been made by the managers of the Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club to have games on Thanksgiving day, but the weather proved wet and unfavorable, and a postponement was necessary. However, on Saturday, the 1st inst., the games were contested, and, with the exception of two or three heats, Mr. W. A. Emmons was first in everything.

The fair season has now opened and church fairs are almost as numerous as flies in summer. The other evening a party consisting of both male and female pupils, under the charge of Mr. Brown and Miss Lewis, spent a pleasant evening at the Methodist Church Fair in this village. On this occasion one of our young ladies turned the scales at 153 pounds, to the chagrin of of many of her young male friends who boast of their proportions. Our estimable steward, Mr. Brainard, took care that we had as much fun as the speaking people present, and, by his management, everybody among us was furnished with something as a memoir of the visit.

There is another fair being held in Harlem, a short distance from here, and at this place several of our teachers and one of our brightest pupils were invited to give a pantomimic entertainment. They complied with the request and were much applauded by the interested spectators.

After several posponements we are at last to have our pantomimic entertainment. It had been settled for the 14th inst., but as two fairs were being held in the vicinity on those evenings, it has been postponed till Thursday, Dec. 20th. Circulars to that effect have been distributed and rehearsals are frequent. It promises to be a laughable and pleasant performance and, no doubt, the profits as usual will be very large.

The following letter, from our friend Dr. Gallaudet, appeared in the *World* of the 13th inst., which I send for the benefit of your readers:

To the Editor of The World.

Sir: If any of your readers would take a pleasure in making me their almoner among the poor, I should be very thankful. I am working in a Free Church with a mission chapel. I have many calls from deaf-mutes in trouble. The most difficult thing to meet is the payment of funeral bills among the respectable poor. I could make good use at the present time of $250. Hoping to hear from some of my friends, I am yours very respectfully,

Thomas Gallaudet,
No. 9 West Eighteenth street.
New York, December 12.

Speaking editorially of the foregoing the *World* says:

"We commend Dr. Gallaudet's letter, printed in another column, to the attention of our readers. We do not altogether approve, and neither, we presume, does Dr. Gallaudet, of the notion that the duties of a prosperous man to unprosperous men are discharged when he has handed over to other people money, no matter in how large amounts, to be spent in relieving their necessities. At the same time it is the giver himself who loses most by taking this view of his obligations. It would be much better for him to supervise the giving of his money than to delegate that task to others. But it is probably much better for the objects of charity that he should not do his own giving, but should do it through almoners judiciously chosen. The only experts in almsgiving we have are the clergy, and there is always a presumption that a clergyman will make better use than a layman of a sum to be spent in charity. In the case of Dr. Gallaudet there is no need of this presumption. It is simply true that he will do more good and less harm with the money for which he appeals than most of the persons to whom he appeals would stand even a chance of doing, and as in any case they would probably decline to be their own almoners, Dr. Gallaudet's appeal offers them an opportunity which they owe it rather to themselves than to him to embrace."

Thursday, the 13th inst., we had a visit from several distinguished gentlemen forming the suite of ex-President Lerdo of Mexico. The only one among them who understood the English language was the ex-Secretary of State, but nevertheless their features showed that they were well pleased with our exercises.

The President had determined to pay us a visit, but business detained him in the city. As mementoes of their visit, the party took down the names of the members of the High Class, and made particular note of those who had written addresses of welcome.

Hoping the above will repay my past neglect, I make my bow, first bidding your readers, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Milo.

Washington Heights, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1877.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Journal.—Thanksgiving day in New York city was a very stormy day, with dark lowering clouds overhead and a pouring rain which did not stop until quite late in the night; but notwithstanding this extreme inclemency of the weather, about noon a party of deaf-mutes about a dozen in number gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Riedel, to enjoy a pleasant afternoon and evening sociable. Kind Mrs. Riedel had not forgotten to provide something with which to appease the inner man, and soon after the guests had arrived they sat down to partake of a roast turkey and some other nice refreshments. As the short winter afternoon were away and the evening shadows began to deepen into night, the company became more animated and lively. A variety of games were played and two of the gentlemen wore masks. It was so cheerful and pleasant indoors that no one felt inclined to go out and brave the storm without, so the party did not break up until about midnight. Two or three remained till morning.

Before taking leave of the host and hostess the friends presented them with a handsome clock in honor of the advent of their infant son who was born on the 21st of last October.

Mr. Riedel is a graduate of the New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and his wife, a native of Leeds, England, was educated at the Louisiana, Mississippi, and Illinois Institutions.

As the holidays are near at hand, we wish all the readers of the Journal a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Dominico.

New York, Dec., 1877.

Dr. Gallaudet's Western Appointments.

Detroit, Michigan, St. John's Church,	Jan.	15, 1878.
Ann Arbor, Michigan, St. Andrew's Church,	"	16, "
Jackson, Michigan, St. Paul's Church,	"	17, "
Niles, Michigan, Trinity Church,	"	18, "
St. Louis, Missouri, Christ Church,	"	20, "
Jacksonville, Ill., Trinity Church,	"	22, "
Chicago, Illinois, St. James' Church,	"	23, "
Cleveland, Ohio, Grace Church.	"	25, "

The deaf-mute friends living at the above-named points can do a favor by making the notices as much known as possible, by correspondence and otherwise. There may be many living at a distance who would be pleased to attend.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y. } Associate Editors.
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, 23 Linden St., Cleveland O. }

REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1877.

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"INFORMATION GIVEN."

Our intelligent correspondent "J. T. T.," whose letter we publish in to-day's JOURNAL, has a desire to know who "Pent up Utica" is, whose article "J. T. T." styles anonymous. He is evidently laboring under a false impression. The article he alluded to was not written over the signature of "Pent up Utica," or any other person, as he imagines. If he will look at the article, he can easily see for himself that he has taken part of the heading of an editorial article, and ignorantly, but we presume innocently, used it for his fancied substitute for the name of the writer. "J. T. T." should scarcely need to be informed that it is deemed entirely unnecessary to attach signatures to editorial articles. In his ignorance of the above fact he has imagined that he was addressing his remarks to some person in the Eastern States. We make this statement for the information of "J. T. T.," not that we object to his replying to an editorial article, for like other people we are open to the criticism of our readers. We do not expect nor wish any one but ourselves to endure criticisms on account of articles written by ourselves, and have not the disposition to screen ourselves behind any supposed correspondence.

"J. T. T." undoubtedly means well, and we presume expresses his honest opinion in regard to the Boston societies. He probably means to show up his subject in its true light, but we presume that he does not understand the matter equal to some others who have been intimately acquainted with it. "J. T. T. is neither a deaf-mute institution-educated pupil, nor well-informed as to the workings of some of the deaf-mute societies.

The Boston deaf-mute societies have frequently been re-organized. They have for many years been collecting money for some alleged good purpose or objects which they have never yet accomplished. By them money has been solicited in localities outside of the city of Boston, and often under the pretention that it was for the benefit of local societies where they thus canvassed, cheating the local societies out of money which belonged to them. Where, in the city of Boston, and for what object have the large sums of money been spent that Boston societies have been collecting during many years past? Why cannot the Boston societies confine their soliciting for aid to the city, without going outside of its limits? If they were conscientiously working for the good of Boston deaf-mutes, they would with confidence solicit assistance from Boston citizens, instead of going to foregn parts for it.

The Industrial Home is growing in popular favor and, no doubt, will soon assume realistic proportions. It is a charitable institution which dares to be canvassed in public. It does not need to hide its light. It does not blindly mislead the people by inducing them to enrich private persons under the supposition that they are contributing money for public purposes. Its agents are well known for integrity of purpose, and there is no danger of the money they solicit being used to stuff the pocket-books of the managers, who do not take patterns from the officers of deaf-mute societies of the "Hub" city.

The Industrial Home is calculated for the benefit of New England deaf-mutes in general, and there can be no reasonable objections to its agents soliciting funds for it in any part of New England. The treasurer of the funds for the Industrial Home is a hearing and speaking gentleman, well known throughout the country, for honor and integrity, and through the press keeps the public well posted in regard to the disposition of funds collected for the Home. Those who give for the benefit of the Home need have no fears that their money is spent in vain. The men who have charge of those funds will in every case see to it that all funds devoted for the Industrial Home are conscientiously used for the purpose claimed.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

The year Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-seven is fast approaching its conclusion. It has been a year heavily freighted with blessings, and teaming with rich enjoyments.

She came, a total stranger, to us, but her acquaintance was quickly secured, and her recollection will be long treasured in our memories. Her panoramic scenes have displayed to our views pictures of life's realities, both solemn and pleasing, but taken in the aggregate her conduct has been shaped for the general good of humanity, and, as she passes into seeming oblivion, we miss her presence, and remember with interest and pleasure all of her goodness.

As she makes her departing bow, we bid her an affectionate adieu, and welcome the year Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-eight as she bows herself into our new scenery-seeking presence.

Like her predecessors she appears a stranger among us, but her ways and caprices will soon be made known, and we can only hope that her short reign will prove one of peace and enjoyments, on the part of her subjects.

Her stay will be short. Let us use her well, so that when her visit is finished, we may congratulate ourselves with the fact that we have acted well our part during her presence.

The scenes of 1877 are fast vanishing from our sight, and those of 1878 are seen approaching in the near distance. We reluctantly release our hold on the former, and with outstretched hands grasp the latter, while we extend to old and young, to high and low, rich and poor, a very "Happy New Year."

"SOUND ON THE GOOSE QUESTION."

We have a little to say on the goose question. For several weeks past the question with us has been—where is our goose for Christmas coming from? To steal a goose of course would be wrong; to beg a goose we would be ashamed, (who ever knew an editor to beg as long as he had the bottom dollar in his pocket?), and this goose question finally became very oppressive to us. We did not fancy the idea of buying one. That would be a bad precedent to establish among the editorial fraternity.

We canvassed the matter thoroughly, but how to get the goose was a problem, the solving of which still remained a profound mystery. But, thanks to an overruling Providence and a generous friend, the question was (to us) satisfactorily settled last Monday morning, when Georgie Conklin came in and left a very large, plump, fat goose, to which was attached a lable reading: "To H. C. Rider; for the editor." Our waning hopes were immediately at a premium, and our long-cherished opinion of man's humanity to man was materially strengthened. The vexatious subject, as far as we were concerned, was brought to a successful issue. We realized that we could once more retire at night without being haunted by visions of roast goose, to awake to the consciousness that our slumbering thoughts had been chased by delusive dreams. It was no longer a phantasm, but a goose in reality, and a fine specimen at that. Our best thanks are tendered to the donor. We shall long cherish the memory of the beautiful and appropriate present.

DESERVING CENSURE.

An article headed "Deaf-mute Life in Montreal" was recently published in the JOURNAL, which we learn from Mr. Thomas Widd, Principal of the Montreal Institution for Deaf-mutes, has caused much ill feeling among the most respectable classes of deaf-mutes in that city, and has been a source of much trouble and offense to the newly-married couple and their friends. Mr. Widd says the couple are very respectable people, and have been unjustly injured. Though we were assured by the writer of the article that the story was true, we regret to learn that such was not the case. We confess ourselves much mistaken in the character of the writer, and we heartily apologize for allowing his letter to appear in our columns.

We advise the sender of the article to make all due confession of his fault, and apologize to the couple for his conduct.

William Ely's Return to Mexico.

A WARM RECEPTION—MUSIC—ILLUMINATION—HUNG IN EFFIGY—CLUBS, STOVE-PIPES, AND BLANK CARTRIDGES FLYING THROUGH THE AIR BY MOONLIGHT—HE LEAVES MEXICO AGAIN—ESCORTED TO THE TRAIN.

The evening train from the East and North, Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., brought back to our village William Ely, who, under an alleged pretention of a few day's absence to transact business connected with his undertaking matters, left home early on the morning of November 12th last, having previously converted to cash as many accounts as possible, unknown to his family, and taking the proceeds with him, leaving his family to care for themselves, he being accompanied, as was afterwards learned, by a woman from this village.

Link Crosby who vamosed on the same day that Ely left home also reached home Wednesday evening, but his presence in town was known to but few, and he departed again the following day.

Where Link spent his time from Nov. 12th till Dec. 20th, we have not been informed, but William and his devoted in time made their appearance at Theresa, Jefferson county, and it is averred that they were driven away by the people of that place.

It had, undoubtedly, been the intention of many, judging from later developments, to give Ely a warm reception in case he should return to this locality. Be that as it may, the news of his arrival and that he had taken quarters with his wife and children was soon passed around, and preparations for serenading him were made. Ely understood, by personal premonition, or from intelligence communicated from friends, that a storm was brewing, and his position was strengthened by the presence of Jake Brown.

About twelve o'clock that night a large number of men and boys appeared on the scene, and the sound sleepers and sweet dreamers of this village were awakened by *strains* of music, resembling the "rogue's march" poured forth from tin horns, tin pans and other sources necessary for the performance of the rare notes, "in such case made and provided." The serenading party desired to see Mr. Ely, and calls for him were frequent, but he felt very much indisposed to go out in the night air, and the inmates of the house declined to receive callers so late in the evening. The music proceeded and it is said that Jake Brown came out of the house and threw a club among the crowd, that an old stove pipe and other convenient missiles accidentally slipped through the hands of some of the musicians and came so near hitting his head as to make his hair stand, that Jake retreated in bad order, and fired a revolver from the head of the stairs. A badly smashed window on the north side of the house showed that the concussion was sufficient to test the strength of glass and sash. Jake, who had appeared with coat off and uprolled shirt sleeves, in view of the large number of visitors outside, wisely concluded that "prudence was the better part of valor," broke ranks and fled to the upper portion of the building, and made up his mind to enjoy the music from within.

The boys built a bonfire on the street and there was a splendid illumination, and a frequent repetition of musical notes, jeers, and hooting made the feast both rich and happy.

During the proceedings outside, Jake got disturbed by hearing too much music, got out of the house by the back way, slid down a tree, called upon Joseph Simons, deputy sheriff, and demanded his assistance, which was declined. Then he went and got Police Constable George Penfield, who went up and tried to get the boys to quit and shake "hands over the bloody chasm," but they would'nt shake. In the course of the night a life-size figure of Ely was made of straw and old clothes, suspended by the neck from a rope high above Main street, and two placards attached which read: "William Ely has returned," and "The prodigal son has returned. Kill the fatted calf." The latter was also displayed on a post at the street corner. The demonstrations were kept up till morning, and when daylight appeared the effigy of William was floating on high in the morning breezes and was left hanging till afternoon.

Ely kept to the house till past the middle of the forenoon, when, accompanied by his wife, he was observed to emerge, and pass around by the back streets, making his way in the direction of the railroad depot. He was seen and followed by a large crowd of men and boys. With his wife he proceeded to the house of Edwin Ames, Jr. They went in, and the doors were locked. It is thought by some that tar and feathers were intended to be applied to him, but Mrs. Monroe Simons, one of Ely's daughters, appeared and remonstrated with the crowd, saying that if her father could be allowed to leave by the train, he would promise never to come back. Respecting the presence and entreaties of Mrs. Simons, the proposition was accepted to allow him to leave town free from personal molestation. About 12 M. the Niagara Falls express arrived, and, led by the hand of Mrs. Simons, he left the house, and amid the shouts and jeers of a multitude of people and the deafening tones of tin horn and tin pan music took passage by the train, being the observed of the wondering passengers, while the mid-day air was rent by discordant notes and continued hooting and shouting.

Contrary to the public assertions of Mrs. Ely that she would have nothing farther to do with him, after his disgraceful manner of leaving home in November, Ely, after he reached Oswego, told a resident of Mexico that he had explained everything satisfactorily to his wife, and he added that he could have satisfied the people of Mexico had he been permitted to remain here.

On the day following were observed fastened to a post in front of the post-office several remonstrances, possibly written by some man, said to have been put there by a lady, the contents embodying, in substance, something like the following: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone, and "How much better was it for William Ely to come home to his family," and asking that he be allowed to come back and have a chance for reclaiming his character. The writer spoke in strong terms of the course pursued by the "bloodhounds," and appealed to the fact that an outrageous offence had been allowed to be perpetrated in this village, boasting of its five churches, and claiming to be a Christian community. The writer quoted, with perhaps a little variation from scriptural accuracy as in other parts of the remonstrance, though sufficiently nearly correct to convey the proper warning: "Vengeance is mine—I will repay saith God." Many passers-by deciphered the contents of the appeal and notes of warning. Some comments were made; some coinciding with the views of the writer, some differing with them, and all agreeing that everybody has a right to personal opinions.

Rumor says that Mrs. Ely applied for warrants, on Thursday morning, for the apprehension of the serenading party, but that they were refused.

A collection among the boys resulted in putting in a new window, in the place of the one that was so badly wrecked. We hear of no other damage done to property, excepting a large pane of glass being accidentally broken in the front end of Huntington's drug store.

This village boasts of law-abiding and peace-seeking people, and is a well-known Christian community, and in the present case many of the most respected citizens truly believe that the deserter of his family, who are highly respectable, fully deserves the treatment which he received.

What has become of the woman with whom he left town last November and who went with him to Theresa, is not now known.

We record with pleasure that no personal violence was done to Mr. Ely.

The worst frightened man, probably, during the excitement was one of the Rosenbloom brothers, who, when he saw the effigy of Mr. Ely extended by the neck exclaimed: "Have they killed him?" supposing that it was really a man of flesh and blood instead of a bundle of straw and rags.

The sympathies of our citizens, notwithstanding their disgust at William Ely's conduct, are with his wife and children.

Trinity Church, Newark, New Jersey.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 2d, the deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity were invited to attend service at Trinity Church. As the rector, Rev. Dr. Eccleston, read the service and preached, Rev, Dr. Gallaudet interpreted, The sermon was on God's sign-language. Beginning with the bow in the clouds, the preacher sketched some of the most striking symbolism of the Old and New Testaments, dwelling particularly on the sacraments of Baptism, and the Holy Communion. It was an interesting occasion.

The Rev. Dr. Pennell has been elected rector of St. John's Church, Woodside, in Newark, and will soon enter upon the duties of the office. He has invited the deaf-mutes to a service to be held in St. John's Church, on Sunday, Jan. 13th, at 3:30 P. M. It is hoped that the deaf-mutes of Newark will generally attend, and consult with Dr. Pennell as to the future.

Mr. John Bennett, after several years of faithful labor among his deaf-mute friends in that city, has moved too far away to continue his ministrations.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

THE Ohio Institution has 450 pupils.

WHAT is the best "clock-alarm" for deaf-mutes?

Two new pupils were received last week at the Staunton, Virginia, Institution.

THE *Advance* says that Prof. McKinney of the Nebraska Institution has written a book. What book?

A number of years ago, the Rev. Dr. Clerc filled the office of rector of one of the St. Louis Churches.

THE father of David S. Restor, one of our subscribers, owns a fine large fruit farm in St. Joseph county, Michigan.

THE Colorado Institution has been presented with a barrel of krout. "Whew! smell him breff."—*Kansas Star.*

MISS Maria Welles, who recently died at Columbus, Ohio, first entered school as a pupil fifty years ago at the American Asylum.

A Herrington, an old pupil of the New York Institution, left school in 1844 and went to Ohio. He is now living at Olmstead Falls, Ohio.

SOME years ago there was a school for deaf-mutes in St. Louis supported by the Roman Catholic church; but some how it has been discontinued.

DURING last week the girls at the Virginia Institution were busy making pin-cushions, working mottoes, etc., for Christmas presents for each other.

REV. Dr. Harris, of St. James' Church, Chicago, where Rev. Mr. Mann has conducted his work, has been elected to fill the office of Bishop of the newly created diocese of Quincy.

THE father of C. C. Harris, a first-class conductor on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, was one of the earliest pupils of the senior Dr. Peet, at the New York Institution.

THE Goodson *Gazette*, of the 22d inst. says: "Our little devil has Christmas in his bones and says he does not want any more copy now until after the holidays. There will, therefore, be no issue of the *Gazette* next week.

THE Rev. Mr. Berry, formerly of Granville, N. Y. is now settled at Ripon, Wis., in the Diocese of Fond du Lac. Being in Chicago recently to meet his family from the East, he held a service for deaf-mutes in St. James' Church.

THE reading of the Scriptures, we understand is forbidden in all of the Chicago schools. Consequently the pupils of the deaf-mute day school are denied what is of priceless value to them—religious instruction. How sad to think of this

SOLOMON Chappell, of Carlinville, Ill., a mute owns a large tract of fine farming land, of over five hundred acres, we believe, which is the product of years of industry, economy and wise management.

IT is said that more persons are deaf in the left ear than in the right, and some one says "boxed" ears account for it, the blow being generally inflicted with the right hand. Who doesn't know how?—Christian Weekly.

PROF. Job Turner preached a sermon in the evening of December 19, in Park Hall, Newark, N. J., to an audience of twenty deaf-mutes from the text "Watch and pray." He was well received and his sermon was watched with much interest.

D. D. Brown, of Coopersville, Michigan, came there years ago poor. Now, by industry he has built up a competence. He owns houses and lots. His business is that of an undertaker. He is one of the old graduates of the N. Y. Institution. See what industry and perseverance will accomplish.

LAST Monday we were the recipient of a postal card, on the reverse side of which was written (we suppress the name), "Merry Christmas! Yours truly, Hinsman, Ohio."

We thank the sender, and return to him a rousing, hearty, "Merry Christmas," but we wish he had sent us some news.

THE service held by Rev. Mr. Mann in St. Louis, recently, was attended by a good number of mutes. Many hearing persons were present as witnesses of a "silent service." Christ Church where such services have been held in the past, is situated on the corner of Locust and 13th streets. Its rector is the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D. D. Dr. Gallaudet held a service there once some eight years ago.

JAMES McGinn, the mute thief, arrested by officer Aylesworth yesterday morning on suspicion of stealing a rubber coat valued at $6.50 from Frank Hutchins, was summoned before the railing this morning to answer to the charge of being an idle vagrant. He was allowed to read the warrant, and after one or two furious finger-signs he placed his fore finger on the word vagrant, nodded his head affirmatively, and snatching a lead pencil from the warrant officer's hand, wrote "year" below it, signifying his willingnes to go to the State Farm for that length of time, and he graduates November 17, 1878.—*Providence, R. I., Bulletin.*

OUR deaf-mute friends enjoyed two very interesting services yesterday in the Mission Chapel, which was kindly offered them by Rev. Mr. Buck. The morning services were conducted by P. W. Packard, of Salem, who has received the recommendation and support of the Baptist church of that city in the form of a license to preach to the mutes in different localities. He took for his text Acts 10: 34—45 and delivered a very interesting discourse on "What nation, sect or party is the most acceptable in the sight of God."

In the afternoon he again discoursed from Acts 28: 3—5 and illustrated the necessity of activity even in trifling things.

Samuel Wilkinson, No. 8, Fourth street, is the treasurer of the society, and will thankfully receive any donatons our citizens may feel disposed to contribute.—*Fall River, Mass., Evening News, Dec. 17. 1877.*

UNDER date of December 19, John A. Mills writes from Worthington, Minnesota, as follows:

Last week we arrived here from Dallas county, Iowa.

We traveled with a team about fourteen days, and were caught in a snow storm on the prairie. We went along two miles and were obliged to stop at a farm house for two days and a half. We were kindly treated and charged nothing.

We are now visiting our brother. We have got a good claim and intend to locate in the spring at La Verne.

I take much pride in the success of your paper. Every deaf-mute family should have a copy of it.

SOME time ago George Kunzenbacker, of Newark, a widower with several children, was married to a widow who kept a saloon in Elizabeth. The widow, also, had several children, the eldest son of whom is a deaf-mute. This one, Kunzenbacker wished to put in the asylum, but his wife refused to accede to his request, and on Tuesday last Kunzenbacker, who is possessed of considerable money, collected all that was due him in the neighborhood, and left the house, leaving his wife to support both sets of children as best she could. On Saturday she learned where Kunzenbacker was stopping, and caused his arrest. He was required to furnish security in $500 to support his wife and children.—*New York Times Dec. 24, 1877.*

Local Paragraphs.

Dr. G. A. Dayton was in town on Monday of this week.

Walter Cole, of Rome, is visiting his friends in this village.

Rulison has adjourned his auction sale of goods till the 27th inst.

The merchants are having a very good trade in holiday goods.

Harry Webb is visiting his son and other friends at Skaneatelas, N. Y.

Miss Ettie Johnson is teaching the winter term of school at Prattville.

The Wizard Show at Empire Hall on Thursday evening was lightly attended.

The Mexico Tent of Rechabites is said to be increasing in numbers rapidly.

Fred French, of Amherst College, is spending a few days with his parents in this village.

We hear that one of Earl Taylor's children has the scarlet fever, but is doing very well.

We received a short, but pleasant call one day last week from the editor of the *Oswego Sun.*

Miss Adelle Miller, a pupil at Syracuse University, is spending a few days at her home in this village.

Ned J. Stone, who is studying medicine in Syracuse, is spending a few days at home in this village.

William Waring, of Camden, formerly of this village, gave us a pleasant call one day last week.

Harlow Curtiss, of Syracuse, formerly of this town, has lately been spending a few days in this locality.

Arrangements are being perfected for making the Mexico Deaf-mutes' Annual Sociable a very rich entertainment.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington, who has been sick for a long time, is somewhat improved, and took a short ride one day last week.

The Presbyterian Church Sabbath School gave very interesting Christmas Concert Exercises, last Sunday evening.

Thomas McComb, who died last, was well known for his genial, good nature, and his death brings deep regret to our citizens.

The supervisors have made provision for a drill room for Company "I," Forty eighth Regiment National Guards, of this village.

Mrs. L. H. Conklin, who has been sick for several weeks past, is getting better, and we are pleased to see that she is able to ride out occasionally.

We are pleased to learn that "Grandmother Wickwire," who has been very feeble for the past few weeks, is now much more comfortable and is able to sit up.

Solomon Alexander claims to know what became of Justice Kellogg's heifer (fatted calf), and Solomon is supposed to know. For farther proof, ask him about it.

At the M. E. Church last Sunday evening Rev. W. F. Hemenway gave the remainder of his discourse, part of which he gave a few Sunday evenings since, on the subject, "David."

The Oratorio drew a well-filled house, and the audience was delighted with the evening's entertainment. Don't fail to go this (Wednesday) evening, when it will be repeated.

Tuesday was a very fine day and Christmas in this village passed very pleasantly. The children's stockings were well filled with toys, and many presents exchanged hands.

The recent warm weather, quite unnatural at this season in this locality, has in some way produced many colds among our citizens, but the pleasant, mild air is admired very much.

Several of the Mexico boys who are home from college for a short vacation are enjoying themselves as fast as possible, so as to be ready to return to school at the close of the holidays.

A white frost and frozen muddy roads, accompanied by the singing of numerous birds last Monday morning, presented the appearance more of April than of December.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Presbyterian Church will give a social entertainment at the house of C. L. Webb, Friday evening, the 28th inst., at which refreshments will be served free.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dobson celebrated their tin wedding, on Tuesday night, Dec. 18th. A large number of guests were present, many and a great variety of gifts were presented, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The semi-annual meeting of the Central New York eclectic medical society was held in Syracuse last Wednesday. The name of Dr. C. E. Heaton, of this village, was dropped from the roll, he having joined the Allopathic school of medicine.

A little son of John Howard, in New Haven, while at play with the boys at school, dislocated his hip joint. Dr. Radway, of this village, was summoned, and in a short time successfully adjusted the hip in its proper position. The boy is now doing very well.

Earnest M. Manwarren, who is engaged in the study of medicine at the Eclectic Medical College, in New York city, has passed a very satisfactory examination before the Board of Censors of the New York State Eclectic Medical Society and received a certificate of membership of said society.

Two men from New Haven, who probably took their Christmas "straight," but who like "Fernandiwud" walked slantindicular before the people, were taken in on Thursday evening, and furnished with a room in the village lock-up, in order to let their disturbed stomachs get more settled.

The Mexico Social Club party at Mayo Hall Tuesday night was a success in every particular. The hall was beautifully draped and its walls adorned with pictures, and presented a fine appearance. The supper, furnished by Capt. Boyd, of the Mexico Hotel, was magnanimous. The music was sweet.

Arthur Crossett and James Lamphear, of this town, indicted for burglary and larceny in stealing cider, pleaded not guilty at the County Court at Oswego last week. Their cases were put over to the next session. In Lamphear's case, G. W. Bradner, counsel, pleaded a former conviction and sentence in justice's court for the same offense, in bar. The district attorney denied and applied for trial of the case in due form. Lamphear was allowed to enter $250 bail, which he did.

Mrs. Susan Dana, an old resident and well known in this village, has lately been living with Mrs. R. A. Butler at Butterfly. She was able to do some work, and, on Monday, the 17th inst., assisted in doing the washing as usual. About four o'clock she complained of severe pains in the back and head. Medical aid was summoned from this village and everything done for her that was possible, but she died about twelve o'clock. She was in the habit of using opium, and it is thought that she took an overdose.

The editors of both the Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL, and the Mexico *Independent* each received a very nice printer's apron at the Apron Festival of the Episcopal Church society last week. They were presented by the ladies of the society. The inscription of Mr. Humphries' apron we have forgotten; on that of the editor of the JOURNAL it was: "Knowledge is power." His thanks are tendered for the present. The festival was a very nice affair and well attended, the refreshments abundant and delicious, the evening pleasantly spent and a handsome sum of money was realized.

NEW HAVEN.

Mr. C. H. Taylor, while working in the woods on Tuesday last, broke his leg by a log rolling against it. Dr. Taylor, of Scriba, was called and reduced the fracture.

The Methodist Sabbath School will give a concert in their church Christmas Eve. A pleasant time is expected.

Mr. H. C. Rowe, who has been sick with the inflammatory rheumatism, is recovering slowly. O. K.

Dec. 24, 1877.

"Holy Innocents' Day" Services in Grace Church.

The "Children's Christmas Service" of Grace Church will be on Friday evening, "Holy Innocent's Day," of this week, at 7 P. M., at which time a service of sacred song will be given, illustrating the birth and early years of our Lord.

The following is the programme:

"Oh, come all ye faithful."—Chorus.

"Behold a Virgin."—Solo.

"Oh thou that tellest."—Organ, from the "Messiah."

"For unto us a child is born."—Chorus.

"Sing ye the songs of praise."—Chorus.

Birth of Jesus. "Sleep my Savior, sleep."—Chorus.

Shepherds keeping watch.—Organ, from "Messiah."

"Stars all bright are beaming."—Chorus.

The Angel Hymn.—Chorus.

Shepherds at Bethlehem. "Shepherds rejoice."—Chorus.

The presentation in the temple. "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart."—Chant.

Visit of wise men. "We three Kings."—Trio and Chorus.

Flight into Egypt and murder of the Innocents. "Come let us sing of those sweet babes."—Chorus.

Child Jesus in the Temple.—Carol.

The return to Nazareth.—Carol.

Distribution of gifts from the tree.

The Oswego County Agricultural Society.

At the annual meeting of the Oswego County Agricultural Society, held in this village yesterday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. N. Betts, Pulaski; vice president, Schuyler Rhodes, Scriba; treasurer, Wm. J. Menter, Mexico; secretary, Myron W. Collins, Mexico; directors, Henry A. Stacy, jr., New Haven; M. L. Marshall, Oswego; general superintendent, S. R. Spooner, Mexico. Time of holding the fair, 1878, September 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A Few Facts in reply to "Pent up Utica."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the JOURNAL of December 6th, I notice somebody feels very much hurt, and strikes out right and left, not caring who he hits so long as he can have his say, and, like all former articles of the kind, the writer gives us no names whatever by which we can judge who's to blame He even withholds his own, so he can be addressed only through the columns of your paper.

It occurs to me that the day of anonymous communications should pass into oblivion, and had the writer stated who was soliciting in his vicinity, it could easily be seen what particulr society was represented, and if a request to the proper officer of that society was not heeded a public warning would have been desirable.

Now that that article is aimed at Boston societies in particular, let us see how many there are and try to enlighten Utica a little, who don't seem to be correctly informed. So for his particular benefit and that of many other readers who have also a wrong impression, I will state what I know to be facts. The Boston Deaf-mute Society has but *one* agent, and he confines himself to that city and its immediate vicinity. Anything wrong about that? The only other society is the John Hancock Reading Room. I don't profess to know anything about it, or how many agents it has, but presume its treasurer, E. N. Bowes, 51 Clarence street, Boston Highlands, will give "Pent up Utica" all the information he wishes if it is asked for in a respectable manner. A certain party, whose name and address I can not give, is receiving contributions for Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's mission, and has circulars out, or did have a short time since. Certain other parties are suspected of soliciting, unauthorized by any society, and are being watched.

This much for Boston societies, and who's to blame? The Boston society for confining itself to its own ground? Certainly not. Now for the next nearest society—the Salem. That has but one agent and I risk nothing in saying that he would'nt do a mean thing. He confines himself to his own city and vicinity. That society is well and favorably received. For further particulars I refer Utica to its president, Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., an honest man, or to P. W. Packard, Salem, Mass., whose books are always ready for the inspection of the proper officer. Now for the Lowell society. Who its agent is, or how many it has, I freely confess I know not, and forbear to throw any stones at it until I do know whether they have been away down East trespassing. I am, however, acquainted with Miss Lizzie Lake, its worthy president, whose address is 31 Adams street, Lowell, Mass. I feel quite certain she will promptly reply to any civil question asked. Lawrence has lately organized, and any questions from parties overflowing with a desire to know what don't concern them can be forwarded to Samuel Rowe, West Boxford, Mass., and satisfaction will be guaranteed. I'm quite sure his agent is confined to certain limits, no where near the "rock-bound coast of Maine." Newburyport, the most easterly in the State of Mass., can have no fault found with it. Mr. R. H. Atwood, late of Little Rock, Ark., will answer any request from Utica, Mount Ætna, or elsewhere in regard to that little M. Y. O. B. Society. I have been there and still would go.

Now comes a State society, located in the "heart of the commonwealth." This society has the largest field of any to solicit from, not however extending to the "Pine Tree State," and I feel quite certain would not interfere with any other society. It is well known and respected by the good people of Worcester, who contribute liberally to its success, but farther information can be had by addressing William H. Green, secretary, or George A. Holmes, president, Registry of Deeds, Boston, Mass.

Fall River, that little bud of promise has not yet begun to "pick bones" with other societies and I hope the day is far distant when it will. So far I am positive, from what I knew, that it has kept itself within bounds.

Lastly I come to the Belfast Society. Wonder if Utica knows what a snug little sum she has got. Well I don't believe it has jumped its own fence or let its bars down, allowing its sheep to enter its neighbors corn-crib. However, if Utica would like to know a little more, a postal to their gate-keeper, C. A. Brown, whose other half has shown herself to be as good an agent as the "rock-bound coast of Maine" can boast of, will enlighten him a little more and perhaps show who's to blame.

In regard to Saco and Biddeford Society, not being personally acquainted with any of their members, I can not say much, but have been informed by those who ought to know, having been there, that before a little unpleasantness arose in regard to representations made by a certain individual, now on his way to a more sunny clime, it was a very pleasant and united society. This I hope is true, and that it will continue to be united and prosperous, and that all agents, solicitors, and tramps of any description will give its field a wide berth.

I would, and others would, I feel quite certain, like to have "Pent up Utica," now that he has relieved himself, step forward and say who has been stepping on his corns, and when, and where. That's what is wanted to be known when complaints are made. If there is no society in his local abiding place, has he any right to complain? If so, why not write an article for his local paper, cautioning his friends and neighbors to beware of the wolf. May be, I can give him a little light when I say Samuel Hamilton, William Acheson, and Adam Acheson are agents for the proposed experimental Industrial Home, going all over the New England States, and they have pretty well explored Maine without finding a gold mine, from whence cometh the cry let us alone. To remedy this evil Utica must appeal to Wm. B. Swett, Marblehead, Mass. And now, having heard all these facts, will Utica please say *who* has been trespassing on his field, *when, where* and for what object, so the blame can be placed where it belongs.

J. T. T.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have an old book of 264 pages, the "Life of the Rev. Ammie Rogers, A. M.," in my possession, which was published in the year of my birth, 1833. It was of the fifth edition, as it was penned ten years earlier. Rev. Ammie Rogers, an Episcopal clergyman of great eminence, was graduated at Yale College and ordained in Trinity Church, New York city, but was afterwards persecuted for almost twenty years on account of religion and politics, and finally falsely accused and thrown into prison in the State of Connecticut. In the interesting book the account of the origin of the Episcopal Church and other sects is also given, including the index to the Bible.

Any one wishing to possess this book can have it by paying the subscription of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL to the editor and sending the paper to the "Belfast Society of Deaf-mutes" one year.

Yours truly,
C. AUG. BROWN.

Belfast, Me., Dec. 20th, 1877.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

First, is an assurance of misery.—Repine at every blessing that is yours to possess, and complain that nobody has such afflictions as you.

Think about yourself, about your wants, what you like—what respect people ought to pay to you, what they think of you; and in this frame of mind you will ever be unsatisfied. It is a proud, greedy, selfish, seeking spirit, that is like this, and one that is in no condition to inherit eternal happiness any more than to enjoy it here.

The great evil spirit was not content to do God's will, but chose to be master for himself, and set up for himself honor and power and rejoice in his own glory. Since then he has dwelt in the hearts of men, and it seems that a portion of the world must drag out a weary existence as the result of such indwellings.

Again, many are miserable under their impatience. It is impossible for them to wait either God's appointed hour, or that of man. The earnest force of their nature is obstructed, and the concussion is felt by those near by as well as by themselves, and so the saying is true that we must suffer for ourselves and others. I presume that of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in the school of life is that of learning to wait with not folded hands that claims life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial see no such result as effort seems to warrant; nay, perhaps, disaster instead, and this is the reason why an ambitious person might be miserable, but it is noble to stand firm at such a crisis of existence to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort. Yes, this is greatness, and with it dawns a peace of mind that affords happiness instead of misery.

This is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman; whether the world notes it, or whether it is recorded in the great book which the light of eternity shall alone reveal.

I know that one of the hardest lessons, as well as most trying experiences, is to wait—to wait for ends that come not, for that which has been pursued by worthy and competent means, and when the result has been merited by strenuous effort, and is looked forward to with a just reward. Misery comes to the young as well as to the aged, for the minds of youth are bright with the schemes of a glowing imagination, and their plans are of great expectation in the stride for success; and the castles of air are reared too rapidly for the heart to wait.

But years of patient waiting must often be borne ere the dear wish is granted, and the coveted prize won. And nothing so mars the happiness of youth as disappointment. Few are patient under it; much less cheerful and happy. We are obliged at times, in the labor of life, to reserve the triumph for to-morrow, and our trust in God should be so perfect that it would not make us miserable to wait for His own good time at which we are to be made glad or sorrowful.

Much misery comes through mistaken confidence in the people with whom we deal or dwell. Some friendships formed in youth are perfected through years of trial, and for the highest good which earth confers. But it is rarely so, and if more careful discriminations were made there would be less heart ache over betrayed secrets, babbled only by those who carry it all told in the facial lines, and which face never has beneath it a heart for your choicest confidence. Much misery might be spared us all if we would be as "mum" as George Washington was in the presence of friend or foe, in his day. We would save ourselves much trouble also if we did not feel that our way and thoughts must be endorsed by our associates as if there was no way consistent but ours. We should have a separate individuality, so generous as to respect all good, of a moral or religious tone, accepting all the good that is the fruit of pure emotion or labored thinking; and getting into that condition we should be made happy by piety, and culture of what others possess, whether we hold the key to it or not. One cannot be very happy if he is not willing that others should do their own thinking; because some will not agree exactly on the same creed he does, or think the same of religion or of politics that he does.

No one can be happy among the Baptists if he is a Catholic; no one pleased to be among the Hindoos if not in favor of missionary work, after he has failed to enjoy many seasons in his own beautiful country home in America. So in worshiping. While many kneel to idols, and are made happy, thousands in our own land pursue a life of misery, without any of God's love in their souls. This lamp to their feet, they catch no rays of, but grope on in utter spiritual blindness. A prayer may be read from some good book, but I fear Heaven does not heed the call. The poet has truly said in those beautiful lines:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

Yes, prayer like this will bring to the wretched, miserable, praying soul that strong Arm which alone can save. The world in which we live was fitted up with wonderful things; beautiful beyond man's description, and intended to please and make our lives contented and happy. Everything teems with life, and there is no time for repining. We must work while the day lasts, for night is coming when our work will all be ended. God's face is a smiling one. His eye is full of beaming tenderness. His ear is ever ready to listen to the cry of the unfortunate. "God is love." How shall we give thanks for all that we are, and might be? How, better than in study and fulfillment of our duty in His great plan. Happiness, and not misery, satisfaction and not regret are the reward of hourly communion with the Spirit we feel to be ever present and which we cannot see. Misery is in the hearts of most, if not all of mankind, and jangles are here, there, yes, everywhere, all because men and women will not rise to an elevation that is within their reach; because they persist in cherishing the evil instead of the good Spirit, which must first be rejected that the latter may have an indwelling.

By omitting to prune the tree, waste tendrils shoot upward and the harvest has little to show. Uproot the weeds and your garden is profuse with beauty and fragrance. Pull your oar vigorously for a sail over a lake, in life, that shall not be ruffled by your own bad blunders, and you will row away from misery and privations, and at last behold an evergreen shore when the words of welcome will be, come, thou good and faithful servant, into the joy of Heaven, where glad angels await you.

MRS. J. L. ATWOOD.

"RIGHT" AND "TRUTH."

To do right is absolutely necessary. The Bible, which is the most instructive and interesting book, teaches us how to try to do right in everything. If we do not care to do right, it will be exceedingly displeasing to God, who is omnipotent and omniscient. If we try to do right in everything, every day, our Lord Jesus Christ will be pleased with us. To do right is better than to do wrong.

Those who are true Christians, often advise their children to do right with the help of God our Heavenly Father, and also to try and please Him every day. He does not want them to do wrong.

George Washington, of whom we often speak, always tried to do right in the sight of the Lord, while he lived upon the earth. He willingly obeyed his dear, valued mother's injunctions, which he never forgot. She was well pleased with him, because he tried to do the best he could. We ought to be like him, and to remember and honor his name. Abraham Lincoln, a man of great attainments, and of great ability, tried to do right during his Presidency, and also to be useful to the people of the United States. His success depended upon his efforts, and he had great confidence in God. Those who knew him intimately admired him for his faithfulness and honesty. He lives in heaven with Jesus Christ in everlasting happiness and peace. Let us all do right.

We cannot fully know how precious a word *truth* is! Truth is of much greater importance to man than falsehood, and enables him to enjoy himself. If he tells the truth, habitually, he will be highly esteemed by those who know him; but if not, he will not prosper, nor get many friends.

To speak the truth is absolutely necessary. To tell a lie is a great vice. Let us remember to "speak truth." Those words are beautiful. Truth never fails, because it can make one feel happy.

The Bible, in which we ought to believe, always tells the truth. If we do not care to think that it is a true book, it shows that we are not wise. That book contains many interesting and instructive stories, which those who are devoted Christians like to hear. Our heavenly Father wants us to be always true to His word.

George Washington, of whom we have spoken, was a man of truth. what he said was always true. He willingly obeyed what his dear mother commanded, and he never lost his reputation. He cultivated justice and honesty during his life, and his fame prevailed throughout our country. His name will never be forgotten.

To tell the truth is better than to tell falsehood. The Bible says that we must not lie, because lying is a great sin, but that we must speak the truth.

If one prefers falsehood to truth, it shows that he is not wise. If he tells lies habitually, he will deserve severe punishment. Let us be men of truth.

DANIEL W. CARY.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22, 1877.

The fading days of autumn still tint the sky with solid gold, and the ambient atmosphere casts a halo upon the sleeping river, the parks and the historic hills across the Potomac. Environed amid this beauty, the hurry and bustle of life in the Capital goes gliding down the current of time. Each section of our domain has its representatives here swelling the tide of humanity, that interwoven, forms the fabric of society. Every city has its joys and sorrows. In none is it more fully verified than in the national metropolis.

Amid the luxuriance of wealth, with the concomitants that money purchases stalk the haggard features and tanned faces of the squalid and poor. As elsewhere many needy ones eke out a miserable existence as the fruit of inebriety, while others have been brought to want by relying too much upon the government for support, and not aiming to do for themselves. Many disregarding the advice of the lamented Horace Greeley to to "Go West" have come to this most likely place to try to find a government position.

Guarding the door of each department stands that wonderful phenomenal scare-crow Civil Service, which is a "thing of beauty," but a joy—never. An unsophisticated member seeking a place for a friend brings him to this city from his distant home, and boards him at the best hotel for a month awaiting the long-delayed examination. The auspicious time arrives, and the applicant comes out of the contest with a score well up in the nineties. The member of Congress supposed he had a sure thing, but "hope deferred makes the heart sick," even when applied to a member of Congress. After repeated calls at the Department he is blandly informed that there is no vacancy. The profanity of that member of Congress would do credit to a soldier of the army of Flanders.

In the recent farce in the Patent Office—called an "examination" by the authorities, the conundrums that were fired off would have been tolerably creditable to a minstrel show, but certainly were beneath the dignity of a great government.

Economy! Herald the news! The Government has really set this heretofore ideal into practical working. There has heretofore been a large open entrance from Seventh street into the Post-Office Department. This is a busy thoroughfare, and hundreds have been in the habit of entering the building through these doors every day. Economy has closed them, simply to save a messenger's meagre salary. Here comes a man in great haste and flattens his nose half an inch before he discovers that the door is closed. Profanity? That does not express it. The days wear on, but the swearing and ill tempers produced by those closed doors are not abated. All to save $60 per month.

Congressmen are enthusiastic over economy, and yet they fail to lower their own fat salaries, or even to earn what they draw from the Treasury. Nature made a Congressman and retired from her labors. She never could make anything else until she had recuperated. The effort would have been too great.

Congress remained in session just long enough to unsettle the business interests of the country. People complain at this, but they should be charitable and think of the oppressive burdens placed upon their representatives. Do they not meet at least eight days in every month, at twelve o'clock, and remain in continued session until half past four or five P. M. Could any complaining constituent really understand the weight of responsibility that rests upon the average Congressman, driving him ofttimes into an easy chair, or on to the sofa in the smoking room, or into the ladies' gallery for a quiet little flirtation, he would know more of what wonderful labor is required to frame the national laws. A gentleman said the other day when looking down from the gallery upon the floor of the House, "What a farce!" And sure enough it is. Congress could do in a week all that has been accomplished since October 15th.

FAX.

THE LOOKOUT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The following is an address delivered at the close of a social party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, old residents of Louisville, who have a family of four children and maintain good, quieting influence over the young folks:

We are near the threshold of the New Year. The old year is about to shut its gate on us. The Methodist people usually usher it in with watching and prayer. Why so? Because all our evil doings are written in the great Book of life, against us. We should recall our thoughts and words, prayerfully, which have fled to the judgment seat, and are there now sealed, whereby God may retain them forever against us. A new year is a peculiarly fitting time to make a new start in life—to review and examine our career during the old year. Remember where you got wrecked last year. Mark out the bad ways and reefs, and thus avoid them this year. In this way get out into the pure sunlight and breathe a purer air.

A new year invites one and all to make new resolutions and preparations for a new life; one more consecrated to God than the past year, in which, now that it is gone, we can recall our short comings.

Christ commands us to be good soldiers. So this life is called the battle field. We realize that we go through storms, sunshine, weal and woe, and bear sorrows, troubles and pains. We fight with the tempter; he who tempts man to so many crimes. We must arm ourselves against him, and say to him nay, nay, and at the same time flee from him. Victory over the tempter leads to an eternal life of happiness.

Before we enter the new year let us pause and think what we shall do to improve our lives. Faith in religion is the only wealth that will stand by us unto the end, while all else fails.

Read the Bible daily. It guards you through this life to the life beyond. Was not the Scripture written by men inspired? Some of you may go to the bar of God this year. Repent and believe in God now, live soberly, righteously and Godly. Do God's bidding. Love Him and love one another. Love and charity hide a multitude of sins. Use your influence for Christ. Pray and bless the ministry in this country and abroad, and for those who preach in behalf of the deaf-mutes. Beseech of God to send the deaf-mutes preachers, that we may not be contented to walk in holiness alone, but that we walk hand in hand with the ministers of the land as speaking people have the privilege of doing. Religion is what strengthens and sustains man every day.

We do not know what is before us this year. Fortune's smiles may not illuminate and cheer our pathway, but God' grace and Christ's constraining love is changeless, no matter how thick the clouds hover over us. We always ought to seek His approving smiles, and cultivate growing, ever-deepening religious experiences.

Do all that God bids you to do. Bear your cross bravely until the final hour comes when we close our eyes on life's brief years to meet in heaven, and receive our reward—a life of eternal rapture and glory.

NEW YEAR.

Louisville, Ky.

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes with its Home for the Aged and Infirm, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1877.

Messrs. Croney & Lent	$ 20.00
G. W. Schutt	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, Central Village, Mass.	3.00
Miss Olive Macomber	2.00
Wm. De L. Boughton	10.20
B. H. Field	10.00
H.	20.00
F. DePeyster	20.00
C. G. Gunther's Sons	10.00
Cash	5.00
J. M. McLean	5.00
J. L. Morris	25.00
A. Ross, Halifax	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Greene	2.00
I. McP. Coffin	2.00
H.	5.00
Deaf-mute Association, Toronto,	90
Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal	32.40
Thomas Widd	1.00
St. Peter's Church, Salem	10.40
St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn	40
St. Mary's Church, Mott Haven	50
Misses Shedden and Tucker	10.00
Proceeds of Reception and Sale at the Home	88.42
Mrs. C. L. Spencer	100.00
Offering at St. Ann's for Thanksgiving dinner at the Home	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lansing, Three Mile Bay, N. Y.	10.00
Miss Sarah Guile	5.00
Wm. Jewett	5.00
Edward Baker	10.00
Thanksgiving offering at St. Ann's	5.00
St. Ann's at the 5th Anniversary of this society	162.75

THE FOLLOWING WERE COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS.

D. Clarkson	$ 25.00
Messrs. Oelrichs & Co.	10.00
Adams Express Company	5.00
U. S. Express Company	5.00
Hotel Brunswick	10.00
J. H. Boynton	5.00
C. Green	10.00
H. Mason	5.00
W. P. Clyde	5.00
P. M. Bryson	10.00
J. R. Macdonough	2.00
Leopold Eidlitz	2.00
C. D. Dickey	10.00
H. S. Hoguet	2.00
A. R. Chisholm	1.00
Grand Hotel	5.00
F. Pott	5.00
H. A. Bogert	5.00
J. H. DeWitt	1.00
William G. Davies	2.00
A. A. Rauen	2.00
W. E. Treadwell	5.00
A. C. Zabriskie	2.00
W. K. Lothrop	2.00
A. Koffman	5.00
C. H. Bakus	5.00
S. W. Carey	10.00
D. A. DeLoes	1.00
George A. Starkwether, Jr.	1.00
E. W. Coleman	5.00
Mr. Carroll	2.00
Messrs. G. A. Clark & Brother	10.00
F. M. Shepard	10.00
C. C. Baldwin	5.00
Messrs. Barbour Brothers	2.00
P. Minager	1.00
L. F. Rossiter	1.00
G. H. Cary	1.00
Mrs. T. Hays	2.00
H. Hoe	2.00
C. Dusenbury	1.00
Cash and Anonymous	60.50

For the year beginning Nov. 1, 1877, this Society will need at least $7,000 to sustain the work which it has undertaken. It would encourage us in the care of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, if the principals, teachers and pupils of the different institutions for deaf-mutes throughout the country could see their way to sending it one collection a year. We also hope to be more generally remembered by the graductas of the institutions. Donations may be sent to the undersigned.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
No. 9 West Eighteenth street, N. Y.

CHURCH NOTICES.

For necessary reasons the service of Dr. Gallaudet at Jacksonville, Ill., will be postponed from the 21st to the 22d of next January, and the appointment for Joilet, Ill., cancelled for the present.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, missionary, expects, Providence permitting, to hold services in the following places:

Cleveland, Ohio, - - Dec. 30, 1877.
Dayton, Ohio, - - Jan. 4, 1878.
Cincinnati, Ohio, - - Jan. 6, "
Chicago, Illinois, - - Jan. 13, "

Mr. Mann expects, after the last service, to accompany Rev. Dr. Gallaudet on his western trip.

REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET TO OFFICIATE IN MEXICO, JAN. 11TH

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, who will attend the Mexico Deaf-mutes' Annual Sociable, will hold a service for the benefit of deaf-mutes, in Grace Church, in this village, at seven o'clock, Friday evening, Jan. 11th, 1878, on the same evening of, and previous to the sociable.

A cordial invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and others to attend the service at the church, after which, and in good season, there will be ample time to do justice to the sociable at Mayo Hall.

A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY ADVERTISING A MASQUERADE PARTY AND LEVEE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you please put the following article in the JOURNAL, and continue it till after Dec. 31st? If the date should be wrong, I shall let you know.

The members of the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union" are to have a Grand Masquerade Party and Levee, at their Hall, in Gorham's Block, at 456, Main street, Worcester, Mass., on the night of Dec. 31st, 1877.

All deaf-mutes are cordially invited to be present. If any of the deaf-mutes want to know anything about it, they will please write to either of the managers. The Hall will be open all night.

Admission, 50 cents. Supper extra. Doors open at 7 o'clock, P. M. A grand march commences at 8.

WM. H. GREEN, } Managers.
D. B. HOWE, }

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Postmaster General Key paid his first official visit to New York last week.

—Thirty buildings have gone up in Oshawa, Can., this year, at a cost of $43,000.

—The body of Micisll, clerk in the Union Dime Savings Bank, New York, missing since Nov. 17th, was found in the East river.

The governor of Virginia, commuted the sentence of Louisa Lawson and Silas Morris for being accessories before the fact of the murder of David Lawson, husband of Mrs. Lawson to life imprisonment

—Superintendent Foshoy, of the Seventh avenue railroad, New York has been indicted on a charge of violating the election law in attempting to influence the employes of the road in the recent contest between Bixby and Ecclesine.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 30th.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah xxxv.
2d Lesson—Luke II, verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XL.
2d Lesson—1 Corinthians II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Christmas Day.

DIED:

MANN—In Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 15, 1877, of pneumonia, Elliott Millard, son of Elliott and Martha Mann, (deaf-mutes), aged 2 years 10 monshs and 20 days.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring $6 80 Red 7 20 White 8 00

Meal, ℔ cwt, (retail)	1 30
Shorts, ℔ ton,	$18 00
Shippings, ℔ ton,	$20 00
Middlings, ℔ ton,	$24 00
Corn,	65 70
Oats,	35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,	15 @ 20
Loose Butter,	12 @ 18
Cheese,	11 @ 13
Lard,	10
Eggs, ℔ dozen,	20
Beef, ℔ lb,	05 @ 12¼
Beef, ℔ cwt.,	$4 @5½
Mutton, ℔ cwt.	$6 @ 9
Pork, ℔ barrel, retail,	$15
Pork, ℔ cwt.,	$5@5¼
Apples, (dried) ℔ lb.,	04
Ham, ℔ lb.,	11¼
Dressed Poultry, ℔ lb.,	8 @ 10
Potatoes, ℔bush.	35@40
Beef Hides,℔ lb	5 @ 6

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Mr. Bangs spent many evenings at the residence of the Judge. Conversation seldom flagged.

There is a talk that sweetens the soul; there are conversations that leave an order in the memory, as if an angel had been there. Truths are elicited in the quiet and free interchange of thought, which we would not part with for all the small wit ever poured out of mercurial brains. The pleasure of conversation is one which belongs to all circumstances, and lasts when all other pleasures have lost their zest. It seems to us a thing too sacred to be wantonly spoiled. Nobody loves "foolish talking and jesting" when his heart is in its best state. Yet how is this precious gift abused! What an insult to intelligence, to be obliged to sit in company and listen to nothing but gossip. Ah! it is "nothing but leaves" to a thinker, and a seeker after truth. The soul is not satisfied. We leave the company discontented, and feel that we have lost, instead of gaining.

How rich is the discourse of those who, after having taken an active share in life, are inspired by sympathy and love to give forth the results of their store of experience. We linger over their words. How we thank them in our inmost souls for their wisdom, which we feel to have been gathered "through much tribulation." They have lived for us; not for themselves. They are giving us gratuitously what cost them—life. We do well to prize their great and good words. Heart-drops they are if rightly valued. We ought to carry our children to hear them, that they may learn to aspire to old age, and not dread it. The extinguished torch in the hand of weeping love is indeed a fitting emblem for the tomb of such.

There comes a time in individual histories when all need words of comfort. The family thus stricken needed it, although they knew where to look for comfort and for consolation in their hour of anguish; yet amid all they needed just such kind words as Mr. Banks could and did speak.

Yes, we all need them when our hearts are crushed by sorrow. Do we always get them? If we do, oftentimes they come to us so forbidden that our natures recoil, and we shrink back on ourselves.

Delicacy of taste in all things is one of the most charming and desirable of qualities. It supposes, in the first place, great perfection and sensitiveness of bodily organization; in the second, high cultivation, and in the third, a moral tenderness which is trembling; alive to the most delicate test. True delicacy is founded on a principle. It selects and rejects for a reason. Delicacy would not knowingly tear open the wound. No; it would rather heal that wound. No matter what the sorrow may be, the sensitive, the delicate, the refined, will not call up that sorrow, while their manner will be such that the sufferer takes in all. Then quiet doing, then unspoken words do more to assuage their grief than all the hum-drum words of senseless souls—unfeeling hearts. Wouldst thou, dear reader, be one of those that the sorrowing love? Then go to them in their sorrow, with that tender look of love that Christ gave so often when he beheld desolation and wept over it. Yes; the dear One, when he saw the great grief of Mary and Martha, wept. "Jesus wept." No need of words then, unless those words would restore the lost ones for whom we mourn. "Lazarus come forth" was enough. The grave yielded up its dead. Even as the sympathizing Christ said to the only son of that widowed mother, "Young man, I say unto thee arise." Such life-giving words tell, and we would not fill the bleeding heart of any with useless words or questions at such an hour. Why is it, oftentimes, that the warm pressure of the hand of a dear friend thrills us? Because it is electrified with love; with sympathy for us in our sorrow. God bless those noble natures, who do more for us than mere words. Such is friendship. Under all the varied circumstances of human life, friendship founded on virtuous principles will be productive of pure and permanent pleasure to its possessor.

No matter what our condition in life may be, though health, wealth, and fame may flow in upon us without measure and without end; though every outward object may wear a gay and smiling aspect, and joy be gushing from a thousand springs, yet our felicity will not be complete without a friend to whom we may communicate our thoughts and feelings, our desires, and who may be gratified by the finer sensibilities of human nature by participating in our emotions of pleasure or pain.

It is a lamentable fact that much of what is called friendship is of a spurious kind. It is a mere outward and formal profession of attachment—without any congeniality of soul. It is the assumption of the name without the reality. It puts on the sacred garb, the more effectually to accomplish its own selfish purposes, and makes loud declamations of devotedness when the heart has neither part nor lot in the matter. Selfishness forms no part of genuine friendship; it delights more in giving than in receiving blessings, and its own happiness is increased only in proportion as it is instrumental in augmenting the happiness of others. The man or woman whose heart has never glowed with pity, and whose eyes have never dropped a tear over the afflictions of suffering humanity, are total strangers to the benign influence of true friendship. I call him a friend, indeed, who, when I am exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm of adversity, or when wasting away under the consuming influence of some fatal disease, will, like an angel of mercy, pour the healing balm of consolation into my wounded and bleeding heart. When overtaken by the dark night of misfortune, or thrown on a bed of languishing, how reviving and comforting to the fainting heart to know and to feel that there is one Friend whose love cannot fail—who will never leave nor forsake us, and on whom we may lean when the journey of life is ended.

Such friendship is pure and unsullied. It can be trusted without watching. It is unselfish, and asks no reward. It is friendship such as exists in heaven. It is daughter of the skies, that hovers around our path, scatters light from its angelic wings; in sorrow speaks to us in tones sweet as the music of a seraph's harp. Such a friend may not be often found on earth, yet there are some friends amid all life's treachery and duplicity whose hearts are as true as steel, who love on and love forever. Death will not sever, but cements and renders sacred their friendship.

The anniversary of sorrow has come. One year ago she, who was the light of that dwelling, had departed. She, who was so good, so lovely, fell by the dart of the ruthless spoiler. The snows of winter have flung around her resting-place their colorless mantles, as an offering to her pure and deathles spirit; while the zephyrs of summer have breathed around the monument, to her memory, as if on a mission to re-animate her clay. Ah! well-remembered are those days of sickness; of sorrow, of death.

The recollections of the desolation of those days steal over the mind like the disturbed visions of a night of pain. The thoughts of that hearthstone, no longer lighted up with household fires, of that home, desolate of one light, cluster together in memory's sanctuary, and there often hold deep communings, and vainly try to find out the designs of Providence.

Change had done its work—made Charlie more thoughtful, Lilla even more loving to grandpa; yet, amid all this, a loneliness, indescribable, took possession of that home circle. The center of attraction was not with them. Mr. Parker had contributed much to the happines of the household. All realized how indispensable he was to their domestic comfort. Lilla watched for his return, so that she might receive her usual caresses. The inmates of Flower Garden Home always welcomed him, as he generally had some words of cheer for them all, but particularly for Miss Stewart. Her interest in Mr. Parker had never abated. The time came when Mr. Parker was informed that Miss Stewart was the young lady who took him, and showed him where the Mission Home was. She was doing effective work at the Home. No wonder that one of her nature should be discontented; dissatisfied. She wanted to know that she was of some account in life's garden. She had not been appreciated, and had often been the subject of ridicule and, often, of hard and cruel blows.

We have often noticed in our travels that the finest fruit trees by the wayside were full of clubs, and had their limbs bruised and broken, and very seldom contained any fruit in autumn, or at the time of gathering. They seem not only to be the property of every traveler, but the sport of every beast that roams at large. Indeed, we have often seen those trees stripped of their fruit when it was yet green and not half ripe. Why is this so? Because it is not the peculiar interest of any one, and it is left by the wayside to be the prey of all. No vine-dresser, or husbandman extends to it his care or protection. But remove it to an inclosed field, and the hand of culture, and the wall of protection are its safeguards, and the traveler who now robs it of its fruit is a breaker of the law.

Miss Stewart had chosen that "good part which cannot be taken away." Piety never seems so attractive as when she lends the grace of her charms to embellish the character of a young, and lovely woman. There is so much in the confiding heart wont to lean on a mother's care, akin to the principle of faith in Christianity, that it seems almost a natural association to number her among its disciples. It is as if the bud, just ready to break forth in its tints of softened hue and breathe its fragrance on the air, has felt the sunbeam upon it; it unclasps its leaves, it at once discloses its hidden beauties to meet the eye that has watched for its opening, and gladdens the heart that has cared for its rearing. The flower in all its freshness and beauty is before us—an emblem of the virtues of the character that is most lovely in its associations, and in its intrinsic charms. Such is the young female Christian. Such was Miss Bella Stewart; so kind, so gentle to the erring.

There is a delicacy in the texture of some spirits that renders them keenly sensitive to pleasure or pain. Such was the spirit of Miss Bella. She had endured trials, but they had developed her.

Were an infant always to be confined in swaddling clothes, it would forever remain an infant in strength, if not in size. It is by repeated use of the eye that the power is acquired of distinguishing and comparing objects. It is only after many unsuccessful efforts that the hand can be guided to the mouth, or taught to grasp objects with sufficient force to hold them. It is running, leaping, lifting and other athletic sports of childhood and youth that give firmness to the nerves and strength and energy to the body.

It is often repeated trials that gives to the professional dancer power to sustain the weight of the body on the extremity of the toe. It is trial which enables the experienced sailor to hold himself with one hand when swung from the yard-arm in a gale, and causes the Indian to outstrip the speed of the horse.

What is true in respect to the physical and intellectual powers is equally so in regard to the moral affections. No virtue is known to be anything till it is tested. The honesty that knows no corruption, the fidelity that never fails, the truthfulness that never equivocates or exaggerates, the self-sacrifice that only does what is duty, are the well-ripened fruits of frequent, varied and severe trials. In this view, the cases, the disappointments, even the deepest afflictions of life become matters of encouragement and hope. They are doubtless intended, and it will be our fault if they do not have the effect, to promote that highest and best branch of self-culture—the discipline of the heart. Let them have their appropriate influence in teaching patience, humility and self-denial, and they are at once converted from stumbling blocks in our path to stepping-stones to honor and to happiness.

Is it any wonder, reader that Flower Garden Home was made indeed a flower garden? Here young plants were nursed and reared; and there was such a variety among these little buds.

What scenes of beauty do we see, and what scenes of loveliness do we find to admire in Nature's flower garden. We admire one it may be for its rich fragrance; another for its beautiful and brilliant tints, and still another for its pure and delicate petals. One for its stately growth, and another for its humble mien. This we admire for its simplicity, that for its complexity. Grace and symmetry are exemplified in all the traits of flowers.

So in Flower Garden Home; all connected with it may labor and find constant and delightful employment. Some may plant, others water. Some may nurture the tender bud, others gather the ripened fruit. Thus all the garden of the Lord is made fair, beautiful, fragrant and fruitful by the willing labors of God's children, and Heaven's rich ministrations.

"Delightful work," Mrs. Jerome says as she looks in upon those dear ones, faithfully toiling to help and bless others. Hidden hands are yet outstretched, and the quiet doing will go on, and on, till many shall be called from earth's flower garden to the paradise of God.

A boy undertook to torture a wasp by touching a lighted match to its body. The wasp applied its warm side to the boy's hand, and as it flew away it gave the boy these words of wisdom: "Never try to beat a man at his own game."

CONDENSED NEWS.

—General D'Aurelle Paladins, life senator of France, is dead, aged 73 years.

—The Clark House, a summer house at Cornwall, was recently burnt; loss $4,000.

—Easter & Co., agricultural dealers, Chicago, have failed. They expect to pay in full.

—The President has signed a bill for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the Huron.

—The people's line of steamers have discontinued their trips between Albany and New York.

—The oldest merchant in Copenhagen, Denmark, died recently, aged 102 years and 11 months.

—St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, Boston, costing $225,000, was dedicated on the 16th inst.

—General Harlan took the oath of office as United States Supreme Court Judge, on the 11th inst.

—The Duke of Norfolk's wedding day cost him little short of £20,000—a couple of month's income.

—Mr. W. Romeyn Vermilye, of New York, has subscribed $1,000 to the Seventh Regiment New Armory Fund.

—Two Russian divisions are moving to cut Turkish communication with Trebizond, and attack Erzeroum on the north.

—Maltby & Co., of New York, are receiving daily from Norfolk, Va., over a million oysters, shipped in portable refrigerators.

—Senor Estranda, the captured President of Cuba, was taken to Spain, and is confined as a prisoner in the fortress at Barcelona.

—Over 4,000 Chinamen are employed as cigar-makers in factories in San Francisco, with weekly pay ranging from $6 to $12.

—The grain crop of Russia is immense this year, that of South Russia being the largest that has been harvested during twenty-five years.

—Miss Burton Von Hillern, the pedestrian, has successfully accomplished the feat, at Philadelphia, of walking 150 miles in 50 hours.

—One hundred and fifty men employed by the Brooklyn Pottery Company, receiving from $1.50 to $2.00 a day, have struck for higher wages.

—The Fourth Cavalry from the Indian Territory and the Twentieth Infantry from Dakota were recently ordered to Texas for service on the Rio Grande.

—The largest bell in the world is in the temple of Clars, in Kioto, Japan. It is 24 feet high and 16 inches thick at the rim. When and by whom it was cast is not known.

—The Congregational Church at Wolcott, N. Y., has decided that the use of wine at the communion table tends to promote intemperance. Water is hereafter to be used.

—The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided in the case of a murderer that "to be too drunk to form the intention to kill, he must be too drunk to form the intent to shoot."

—Frank Ficke of Brooklyn shot and fatally injured Charles Hoffman, who had entered Ficke's garden and was stealing horse-radish. Justice Guck held Ficke for the grand jury.

—The city chamberlain of New York has received from the attorney general a check for $444,928.18, being the amount received from Sweeney and Woodward in settlement of suits against them.

—Abel S. Hetfield died on the 10th inst., at Elizabeth, N. Y., in the house in which he lived all his life—seventy-six years—and in which his father and his grandfather were born, and in which they died.

—While Lord Derby and another gentleman, of London, England, were driving at Tunbridge Wells, on the 16th inst, the horses became frightened and ran away. The coachman was instantly killed, but Lord Derby and his companion escaped unharmed.

—On Sunday, the 16th inst, at the Holy Trinity Church, New York, Mr. Edward Kimball, of Boston, the world-acknowledged lion for clearing church debts, succeeded in raising $150,017.15, to pay off an old indebtedness. This is said to be the largest sum ever raised in one day for church purposes.

—Russian losses in the fighting preceding the surrender of Plevna were 10 officers and 182 men killed and 45 officers and 1,207 men wounded. The Turks lost 4,000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners include 10 Pashas, 128 staff officers; 2,000 officers, 30,000 infantry, and 1,200 cavalry. Seventy-seven cannon were also captured. The first batch of prisoners, numbering 10,000, have already started for Bucharest.

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Are not advertised as "cure-alls," but are specifics in the diseases for which they are recommended.

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Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. By reason of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Medicines have outrivaled all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

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Is Alternative, or Blood-cleansing.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Pectoral.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is a Cholagogue, or Liver Stimulant.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Tonic.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

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Where the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and affections, a few bottles of Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver* or "*Biliousness.*" In many cases of "*Liver Complaint,*" only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

P. P. P. P.

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